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PRINTED IN CANADA.

Reserva: 04-2004-09301022-0000-102. ISSN #1944-7205.

Publisher: Royce Martine, Editorial Director: James Fillmore Art Director: Franklin Monroe, Senior Editor: Calvin Harding Photography Editor: Millie Wilson



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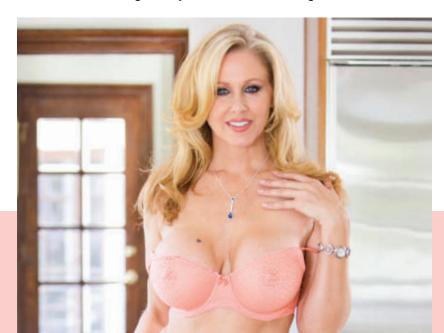
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My favorite day working as a temp was when the manager came into the room to talk about extending my time here. I stared at the lump in his pants and I think he noticed, because he pulled his cock out and absolutely destroyed my insides.





































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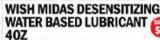
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After hours of getting ready, Claudia only shows herself off for a minute before her man is all over her. Her once skirt clad ass is out and jiggling with joy. Her tits bounce out of her shirt and right into his salivating mouth. And her pussy, well...













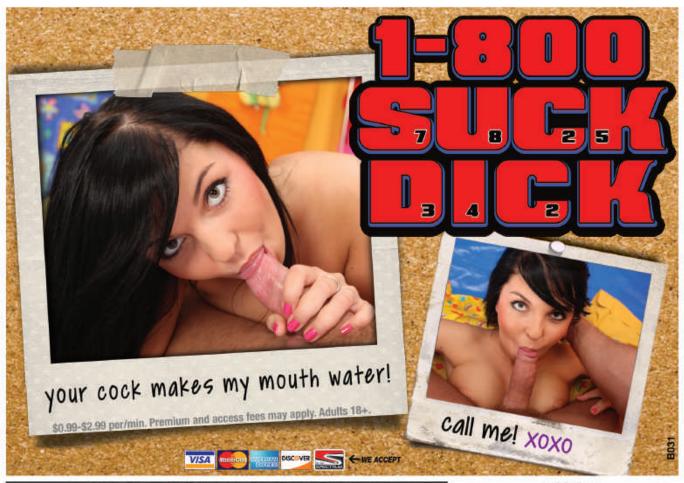


























CONJUGAL VISIT

My husband's was a non-violent offense. Embezzlement.

That's the good news.

The bad—well, despite his best efforts Jake's attorney was unable to keep my husband out of the clink.

Ten years. A long time, sure. But it could've been a lot worse. The judge could've handed down twenty. And it was federal time, far preferable to spending a decade locked up with the rest of the savages at the state penitentiary.

On the day of Jake's sentencing I had vowed to be a good wife. I would write and visit as often as possible. I would support my husband through this most difficult time. Remaining faithful to Jake was a given; the idea of cheating on him had never even entered my mind.

Thankfully Jake was allowed regular conjugal visits. We were able to maintain a sexual relationship. Those visits, I knew, had saved our marriage. Without them the temptation to cheat, to seek satisfaction elsewhere, would have been impossible to suppress.

Imagine my disappointment when, three years into Jake's sentence, a new warden took the helm and abolished all conjugal visits! The news had hit me like a wicked right cross to the chin. Jake had informed me over the phone, leaving me speechless in my despondency.

I had cried for days, feeling sorry for myself; until there were no more tears and I decided to take action. Surely, I thought, the new warden would listen to reason. His new policy was unacceptable. I would show him

the error of his thinking. I would convince him to reinstate conjugal visitation rights.

One way or another . . .

Weeks of email correspondence had gotten me nowhere. The warden was as inflexible as an iron pipe. Still, I remained doggedly

persistent. After all, my marriage depended on it.

And since my words had failed to sway the man, I decided on a markedly different approach...

Nude pics.

Spread beaver shots, to be exact.

The warden's tune changed in dramatic fashion, so much so that he actually called me. Thus far we had only communicated via email. He sounded like an okay guy over the phone. We had a nice conversation.

Best of all, he invited me to the prison for a one-on-one meeting in his office.

It was a three hour drive from my hometown to the federal prison. I made it in record time, arriving at the foreboding facility in the early afternoon.

The weather would prove to be a portent of things to come. The warden's disposition was sunny; especially when I started talking about the lewd pics.

"You got an instant hard-on, didn't you? I bet you whipped it out and jerked off. Why, I bet you blew a massive wad right there in that fancy chair of yours . . ."

He came out from behind his desk, unzipping his trousers as he did so.

40+ #28

40+: Hi Brandi. Over here! Please join me, won't you?



Brandi: Took me a while to get here. Gotta love this Miami traffic. It's getting worse every year.

40+: Fortunately for me, I don't have to leave the hotel.

Brandi: Yeah, lucky you. Let's eat, I'm quite hungry.

40+: Sure, Brandi. We can leave my questions until afterwards. OK?

"Not so fast," I told him. "You're forgetting something."

"Conjugal visits." He nodded his head. "Yes, by all means. You can see your husband whenever you like. Just be sure to stop by my office beforehand."

"Sure thing," I replied. "That way I can warm up for Jake; work out the kinks, so to speak."

His office door was locked. He had made sure of that after receiving me. Presumptuous on his part, sure, but I was flattered. And ready to suck some cock . . .

I dropped to my knees on the carpeted floor. The warden had an impressive package. Not as big as Jake's, but sizable all the same. I grasped his shaft with one hand, stroking him slowly while using my other to massage his balls.

Peering at him, I licked my lips exaggeratedly as he hardened in my hand. "I can't wait to have your cock and balls in my slutty little mouth . . ."

The warden moaned, my cue to make good on the dirty talk. I gobbled him with sloppy abandon, alternating between his shaft and nuts, a show of immense gratitude for his willingness to work with me.

As expected, warming up with the warden greatly enhanced my time with Jake. By the time I joined my husband in the cozy quarters designated for conjugal visits my pussy was wet and ready for a serious reaming.

Jake didn't disappoint.

My special arrangement with the warden has been going smoothly for months now. Jake doesn't suspect a thing. Strangely enough, I don't feel a shred of guilt about the matter. I'm doing it for him, after all.

Of course, I'll admit that blowing the warden is loads of fun. Last visit he tried to fuck me, but I shut him down. "No way, Jose," I said. "Not unless you grant Jake a full pardon."

The warden said he'd think about it. If he thinks with his dick Jake will be coming home real soon.

- Claudia M., Springfield, IL.



THE HUNTING LODGE

I've grown up a hunter. My family would find a new place to go every year, making each hunt a new challenge. Since becoming an adult, I've kept up the tradition, albeit solo, with last year becoming the most fun and difficult pursuit I've ever experienced.

Her name was Helena. Tall with burnt sienna flesh and long, black hair that seemed to shimmer in the light of the lodge. She instantly caught my eye as someone who knew what she was doing and wasn't here simply because her boyfriend dragged her along. I was immediately convinced that she was my new target for the week. So it was all the better when I talked to her and discovered that she was game for it. She decided that she'd make it interesting; whoever landed the largest kill by the end of the week would have their way with the other.

I'll admit that I was surprised by her terms, but I readily agreed to them. Even if I lost, I would win, I figured, because I was entirely willing to let her tear me apart if she wanted. Then again, pride was still on the line, so I went out and hunted my best. However, by the end of the week, I discovered just how right my instincts were about Helena as she managed to land a kill twice the size of my best. So, that night, I took myself down to the lodge restaurant and prepared to meet my fate.

Brandi: Sounds good with me.

(After breakfast...)

Brandi: Mmmm, that was excellent. So let's get started. What do you wanna know?

40+: Everything, of course! But why don't you please tell me about your latest, first. Then we'll go back.

Brandi: Well, let's see, seems like I've been hornier than ever lately. My sex drive is peaking and I love it. I've been doing a lot of scenes, mostly MILFy stuff. The great thing about that is that I get to fuck younger guys and girls. Now that fun. Sometimes it's even hard for them to keep up with me.

40+: Are you making movies, or just

The terms of the bet were unequivocal. I was to pay for her meal, and then I would take her up to my room, and she would be able to do whatever she wanted to me. She was gracious in her victory, giving me credit for what I did, but there was no denying she wanted to rub it in a little bit.

She led me to the bed and pushed me down when we got to the room. Then, she ordered me to strip for her, which I did, removing my shirt slowly, one button at a time. Her eyes were both hungry and amused as she leaned back against the desk and watched. She was as patient as I was and didn't seem upset that I took so long to follow her orders. Instead, the way she watched with a smirk that just wouldn't quit told me she knew that she'd outlast me, just like she knew she'd beat me in the hunt. And she was right, as my throbbing cock trying to burst from my pants gave me away.

There wasn't any way to hide it, and she wasn't wrong; my jeans were getting tighter, and as soon as my shirt was off, I popped the button and started sliding them down to let my dick out. It jumped for joy at its freedom and then again at the sight of the woman who was only now coming toward me with a rubber ring. She stretched it out several times before sliding it down my throbbing shaft. Her touch was gentle, but the ring quickly tightened, only strengthening my hard-on.

Helena gave my dick a few good shakes before climbing up on me, pinching and twisting my nipples, and sending waves of painful pleasure surging through me. I tried to move and squirm, but she had a firm grip on my chest, pinning me down and ensuring she had control over me. I'll admit I wasn't used to this, which made it all the more sensual and hot.

She took her time with me, taking ice cubes and running them over my skin, only to breathe over the flesh again, teasing me with heat and cold from my lips to my nips to my dick and back. She never lingered in one place too long, not wanting me to be too



comfortable as she operated on me like a surgeon of sexual arts. She used me, front and back, taking whatever she wanted whenever she pleased. She brought me to the edge more than once, only to take me back. She licked around my cock ring and teased me with her mouth, pussy, and ass, but only giving me a few strokes before moving on.

It would've been maddening if it wasn't so hot when she finally lowered her ass down to my balls and gave me the permission I'd been looking for with her first real kiss of the evening. She started riding me fast and hard, showing me places deep inside that I'd never considered or felt before and sending my cock into a frenzy.

The cock ring slowed me down, but only by a few strokes. She'd edged me so often that it didn't take long for that tight feeling to rush through me, and I exploded, helping after thick helping deep inside.

All of the buildup and pleasure finally released through my shuddering body. We fell asleep next to each other, but the following day, she had gone, leaving me with only the memory of a great hunt between two of the best. Unfortunately we lost in overtime when they scored on penalty kicks. The return trip to was long and somber. Nobody said a word. But the depression abated—Gabe's and mine—shortly after arriving home.

Bonnie, athletic trainer extraordinaire, made everything boner . . .

I mean better.

- Adrian, Billings, MT

scenes?

Brandi: Almost exclusively scenes. I like the freedom of shorter work days, and the variety.

40+: What has been your favorite scene so far?

Brandi: That's not a fair question.
They are all my favorites. Every one... I think almost everything I've done is on the internet in some form or another. I hope all my fans will check them out. I do it all for them, and me, too! (chuckles)

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From her head to her toes, Angie's body is almost the perfect sight, but shes missing an "Oh" face, and a filled-up pussy to top it all off. Her round boobies are just begging for a warm squeeze; and her pussy is so tight you have to fuck it twice. Best of all, her moan will send a great chill up your spine.















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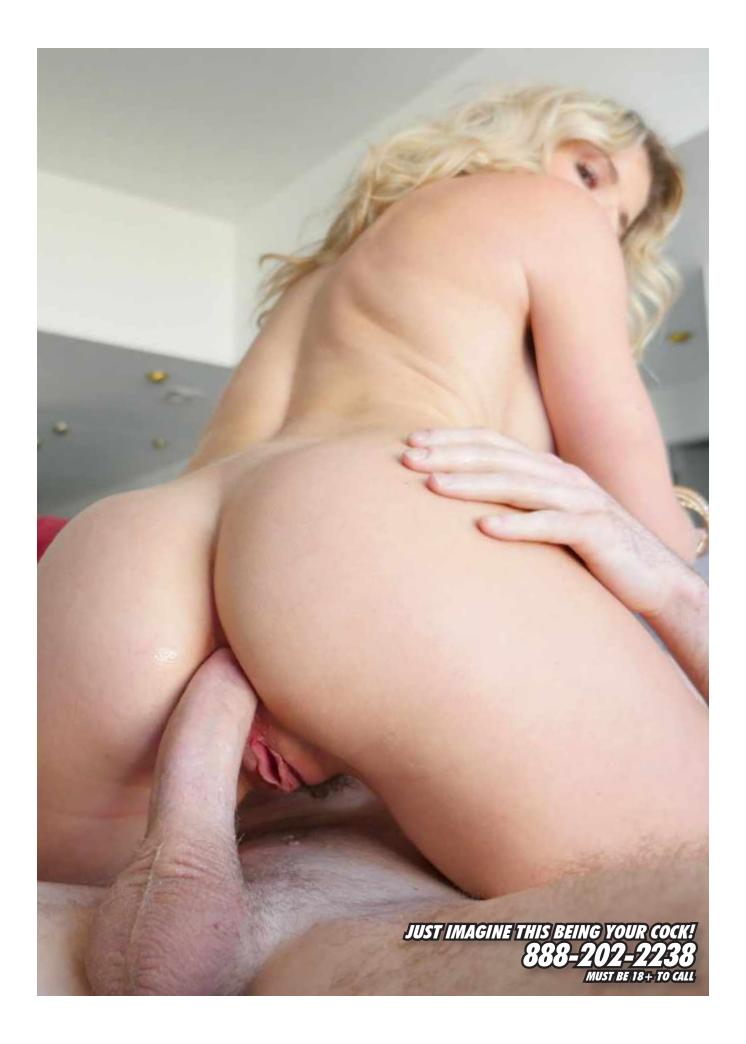














































hat's right, asshole," Deputy Buddy Turnage, his jaw bulging with a considerable chaw, muttered to himself. "Turn that hippie van around and get the fuck out of here. Go find someplace else to drink your beer ..."

The lawman's white cruiser baked in the midday sun. He had parked at the entrance to the park, providing comfort for families and law-abiding folks looking to enjoy the beautiful spring day; this while discouraging the less than savory element which sometimes used the property as a party spot.

Turnage raised a plastic cup to his mouth and unleashed a torrent of brown spit. Eyes concealed behind mirrored aviators, he watched the van with satisfaction, smiling as the long-haired driver (Boy or girl? Hell, he couldn't tell) executed a U-turn in the parking lot and headed back to the highway.

Up to no good, the deputy reasoned. Otherwise the driver would've come right on in, easy as you please. Good old fashioned police presence had put the kibosh on the long-hair's plans. As well as the new sign posted at the park's entrance gate: NO COOLERS ALLOWED. Now troublemakers had to go somewhere else to drink their beer, preferably across the county line where they would be somebody else's headache.

Turnage's stomach growled. His was a large stomach, an incredibly bloated belly which stretched the seams of his shit-brown uniform shirt. He ate garbage and hadn't gotten a lick of exercise since his high school football days. Dr.

Buckhalter had given him a stern warning at his last checkup. Turnage had promised to do better.

But damn if those jumbo pulled pork sandwiches heaped with coleslaw down at Dax's Drive-In weren't the closest thing to culinary crack he had ever tasted. In fact, he could go for one right about now. The iced honey bun he had washed down with his morning coffee had worn off hours ago. He needed fuel to get through the remainder of his shift.

Turnage cranked the cruiser and pulled out onto the highway. He wasn't even halfway to Dax's when his mouth began to water.

After eating a hearty lunch—a jumbo pulled pork sandwich, a heaping mound of French fries, and a slice of lemon meringue pie—Turnage had spent the afternoon running radar on the short stretch of I-20 within his county, a fruitful undertaking as he had netted two speeders and helped a stranded motorist with a flat tire. Now, fresh wad of chewing tobacco tucked in his jaw, he returned to the park for one final sweep before heading back to the station and calling it a day.

The parking lot was empty.

With one exception . . .

Turnage grinned like a crocodile when he spotted the hippie van.

Smiling smugly, he wheeled in beside the vehicle. He climbed out of the cruiser, hitching his trousers as he walked to the rear of the van and made note of the California plate.

"Should've known," he muttered. "Land of fruits and nuts . . ."

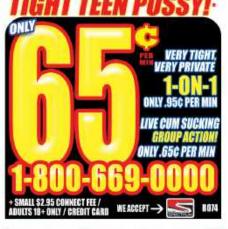
He peered through the passenger side window. Nothing incriminating within view, but that

Smiling smugly, he wheeled in beside the vehicle. He climbed out of the cruiser, hitching his trousers as he walked to the rear of the van and made note of the California plate.













didn't mean diddly squat. He could see them down there by the lake, two long hairs with their backs turned to him. They hadn't seen him pull in beside their van. At least he didn't think so. Probably stoned out of their gourds, he thought. Well, this was his park, a family-friendly park, and that kind of thing just couldn't be tolerated, not on his watch.

Turnage descended the grassy embankment leading to the lake. It wasn't steep, but his knees popped just the same. The hippies were some sixty yards away. Turnage walked with purposeful strides. One of the long hairs turned around when he was halfway there, prompting the other to do the same. He saw pale female faces, gaunt faces, framed with long straight hair parted in the middle.

He reached the pair and stopped, towering above them with his hands on his hips. His smile became a sneer when he saw their blue and white cooler.

"Can you two read?" he asked sarcastically.

"Yeah," the brunette said, "we can read."

"Coolers are prohibited in this park," Turnage said.

"We didn't know," said the brunette's friend, a freckled faced redhead. She was smoking a cigarette and, like her friend, wearing old blue jeans, a threadbare T-shirt, and battered dollar store sneakers. Both gals were unwashed and unkempt, transient in appearance.

Turnage eyed them cooler suspiciously. "I bet that cooler is loaded with beer. Hate to break it to you two, but this here is a dry county. We don't allow—"

"We know what a dry county is," the brunette cut him off. "You think we're stupid or something?"

The deputy nudged the cooler with the toe of his boot. He moved his foot back and forth, agitating its contents. Ice rattled.

"It's a fine day for a cold beer. Yes, indeed. Unfortunately you two picked the wrong place to do your drinking. But I'm a reasonable man. Pour it out and I'll let you go without so much as a ticket. How does that sound?"

"We don't even drink—"

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying.

Turnage was out of patience. Enough of this shit, he fumed. Then he kicked the cooler. Its contents spilled across the girls' picnic blanket. Slushy water and a banana peel and two apple cores and a plentitude of empty beer cans. And something which didn't fit at all, something which gave Turnage pause; until his look of bewilderment turned to one of lecherous amusement...

It was the biggest dildo he had ever seen.

"Looks like you two were about to have a little party," the deputy broke the silence. "I reckon you saw me, panicked, and stashed your toy in the cooler. Well, there's no harm in that. Last time I checked sex between two consenting adults is perfectly legal. As for the beer—well, that's another matter. Like I said before, this here is a dry county. I could take both of you in—"



"Please don't," the brunette

spoke up.

"We weren't bothering anybody," the redhead added. "So we had a few beers . . . big deal. Can't you just give us a ticket and let us go?"

Turnage thought about it; not so much with his mind as his dick. "I could," he said, "but that all depends."

"On what?" the brunette asked.

"You work with me," he told them, "and I'll work with you . .

The van's interior wasn't exactly spacious, but it did boast a comfy couch which could be folded to form a bed. Having done just that, the brunette and redhead took off their shabby clothes and proceeded to get busy.

Having shed his uniform, Turnage stood there

And something which didn't fit at all, something which gave Turnage pause; until his look of bewilderment turned to one of lecherous amusement...

It was the biggest dildo he had ever seen.







beside the small sink counter, watching the spectacle with dick in hand. These hippie whores smelled plenty ripe, their pungent body odor intensified within the cramped confines of the van. Still, the deputy took it in stride. They stunk, sure. But they were young and hot and, most importantly, horny as hell.

The brunette lay on the camper bed, her skinny legs spread to accommodate her partner's eager mouth. Turnage stroked his cock as the redhead ate the brunette's hairy pussy. She was good at it, the redhead, employing her twisty tongue to full effect. The brunette writhed, moving her hips rhythmically as she bit her lip in exaltation.

Turnage had seen this kind of thing on the internet plenty of times, two carpet munching cunts getting it on, but this afternoon's live performance was a first. Heart hammering, he jerked his prick vigorously as the action heated up.

It wasn't long before the redhead incorporated the dildo in their sex play.

She rubbed the toy's bulbous glans against

have been content to jerk himself to completion, but his hippie hostesses had other ideas.

Having withdrawn the dildo from her partner's pussy, the redhead regarded the lawman with a coy smile. "Nice cock, copper. Come over here and let us take care of it for you?"

For the second time that day Turnage flashed a decidedly crocodilian smile. He covered the tiny van in two strides. Then, still shucking his swollen cock, he stood at the foot of the camper bed. The brunette sat up, her brown eyes bulging with wonder as she peered at the lawman's impressive schlong. His fat belly was white and hairy. The deputy needed to go on a diet and get some exercise. Still, his unsightly gut failed to detract from his sizable package.

She took over, lifting the lawman's shaft and licking its underside from base to flared cap, varnishing him repeatedly. The redhead focused on his balls, sucking one, then the other, then both at the same time.

Turnage grunted and groaned as the brunette transitioned from licking his prick to sucking him in earnest. She bobbed her head frenziedly, filling the malodorous van with raunchy squelching sounds.

Meanwhile the redhead, still feasting on Turnage's nuts, grasped the dildo and slid it into her pussy. Watching her fuck herself with the toy; this while his nuts filled her ravenous mouth, pushed the deputy closer and closer to the cliff's edge.

"Oh, shit!" He

shifted his feet. "Oooohhhhh!"

The brunette came up for air, sucking in a great lungful seconds before he popped. Turnage's cock uncorked like a champagne bottle. The divorced lawman's balls had been full of man batter, long overdue for a proper purging.

It was dusk by the time the van veered from the rural highway and hit the interstate. Having escorted the hippies to the appropriate exit, Turnage watched the van accelerate in his rearview mirror.

California. Those two were a long way from home. A couple of gypsies. He had wished them well. Hell, he had even paid for their gas... After buying them plenty of soap and deodorant.



her partner's clit, driving the brunette wild, making her beg for a good and proper reaming.

"Yeah, baby! That feels so fucking good! Stick it in! Stuff my pussy!"

The redhead wasted little time; she plunged the plastic phallus into her partner's cunt. Pumping the toy in and out, she dropped a hand between her own legs and played with her pussy. The redhead's unkempt orange bush matched the hair underneath her gangly arms.

Turnage was having the time of his life. Hot damn, he thought, yanking his pecker excitedly, his eyes devouring the torrid tableaux. He would

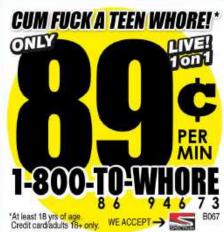
The brunette lay on the camper bed, her skinny legs spread to accommodate her partner's eager mouth. Turnage stroked his cock as the redhead ate the brunette's hairy pussy. She was good... at it,































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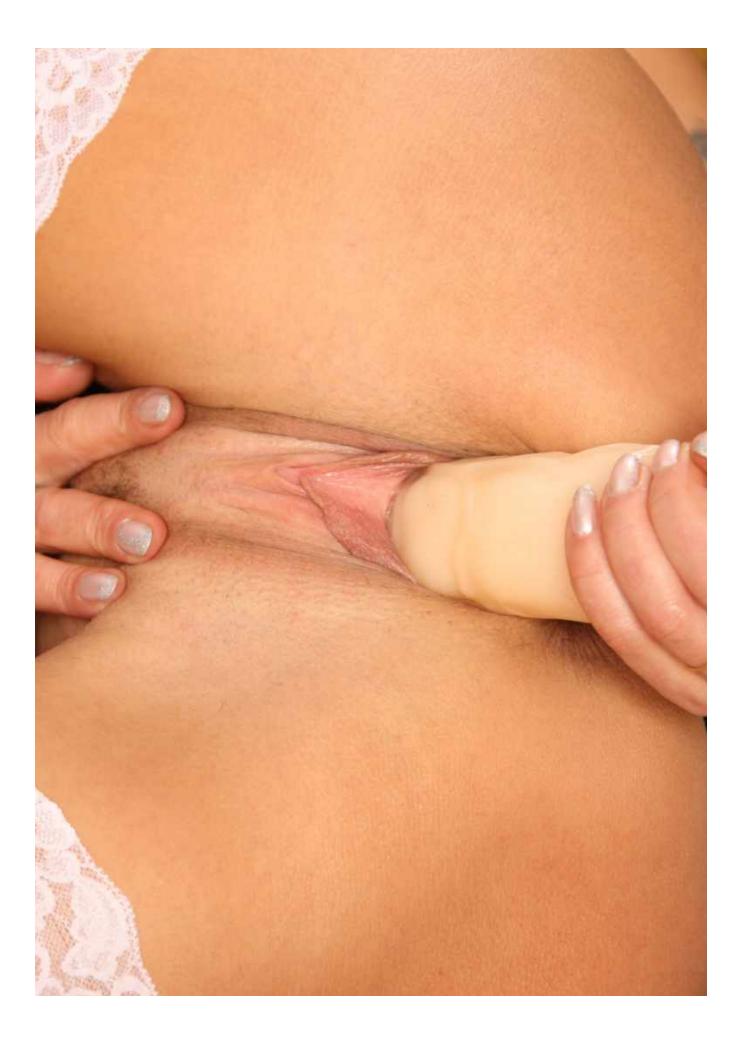


























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